



The kittie plays the fiddle,
and the frog begins to
dance.

This curious sight we
sometimes see in the
pleasant land of France.



This is how they cake-walk
in baby kitten land;
It is very very clever if
the ground is made of
sand.

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11

Here you see the dancing
cat, a member of the
ballet;
She used to live next door
to me—her Christian
name is Sally.

14



15

This naughty cat was steal-
ing milk from off the
kitchen table,
And now it's smashed the
pretty vase I gave my
cousin Mabel.

18



19

This cat had always lived
at home upon its mas-
ter's lap,
So it was very frightened
when it first beheld a
Jap.

22



23

But it very soon was brave
again, and sorry for its
folly—

When it found the little
Jap was nothing but a
sawdust dolly.

26



27

You troublesome baby!
you naughty black kit!
You do nothing but
struggle, and quarrel,
and spit.



**You are both just the
same, as bad as each
other,
I shall take you both home
again, back to your
mother.**

34



35

**The nurse, who was tired,
and fat, and quite forty,
Let the poor kittens fall
because they were
naughty.**

38



39

If you follow my dress as
far as it goes,
You will find your way
home without soiling
your toes.



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43

What a funny colour the
sea is, between me and
you,
I think I'll dip my tail in
first, and make it nice
and blue.



This pussy went out for a
row before tea,
But the ocean's so tumbly,
and so is the sea.



50

51

Father, mother, and the
babies, off to spend a
happy day—
But poor father's rather
angry, and is not the
least bit gay.



These very learned kittens
at their lessons here
you see,
And if they pay attention,
very clever soon they'll
be.



"Good morning, little kit-
ten," chirped this yellow
little bird;
And the kitten dropped his
bottle when these plea-
sant words he heard.



"Please stay with me," the
kitten said, "and let us
talk and play,"
But the birdie feared the
kitten's claws, and
swiftly flew away.



Not a drain of milk left
for these poor kittens'
tea,
For the cook was so
greedy, and drank it
you see.



"There's some nice new
milk in the kitchen pan,
And you may drink it, if
you can."



If we fell in this pan we
 should certainly drown,
 So to save our young lives
 we must drink it all
 down.

78



79

We'll sing a song of
 threepenny bits, and let
 you keep the change;
 You can take the top notes,
 and the rest we will
 arrange.

80



Three up to My Ears in Milk, The Electric Piano, Candy, and Larders.

81